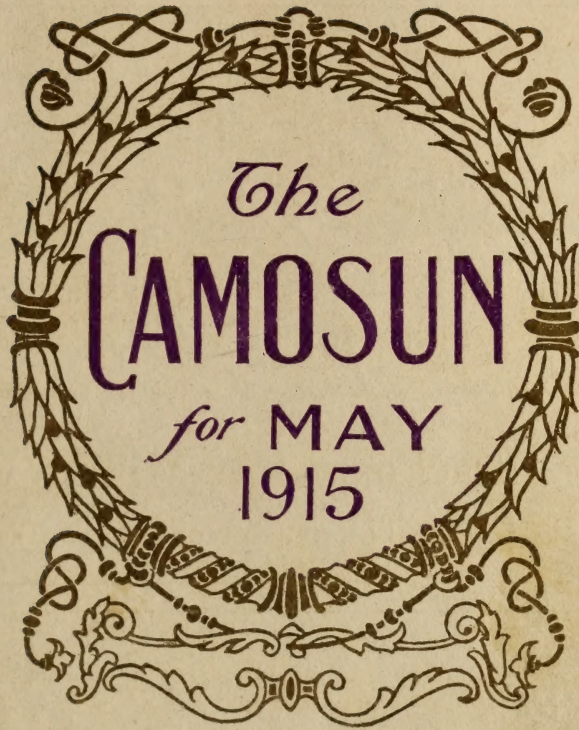


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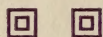
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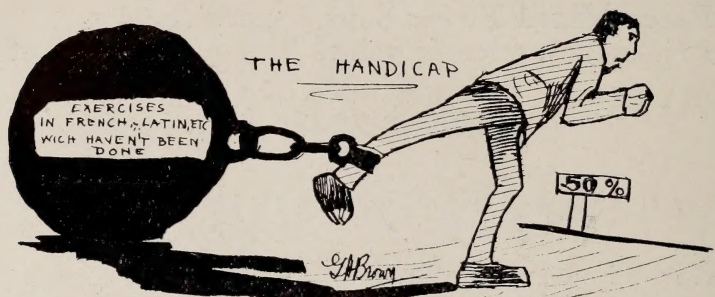
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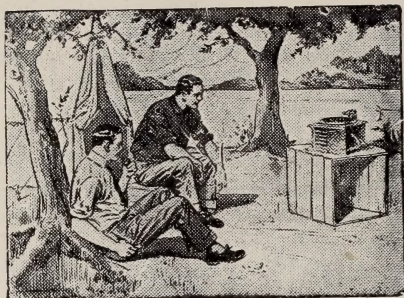
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The Camosun

VOLUME VII

MAY, 1915

NUMBER 7

Published Monthly by the Students of Victoria High School and College

Matriculation Editorial Board



Editor-in-Chief—Hazel McConnell

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Christian Sivertz, Harold Roe

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Matriculation Class of 1915

<i>Honorary President</i>	- - - - -	MR. YATES
<i>President</i>	- - - - -	GORDON CAMERON
<i>Vice-President</i>	- - - - -	JANET MACINTYRE
<i>Secretary</i>	- - - - -	SYBIL KING
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - - - -	CHRISTIAN SIVERTZ

Executive:

<i>Matric A</i>	- - - - -	KINGSLEY TERRY
<i>Matric B</i>	- - - - -	ALEX. STRAITH
<i>Matric C</i>	- - - - -	KATHLEEN GRUBB

Colours—PURPLE AND GOLD

CLASS HISTORY

Our class history is indeed very short, for although we entered Victoria High School in 1912, it was not until our last year in school that we became an organized class.

In the early part of February, 1915, Mr. Yates was asked to call a meeting of all the Matriculation students and to explain the purpose of having an organized class. After a short discussion, the students unanimously agreed to organize and the election of officers immediately followed. Then it was decided to give a "Matriculation Entertainment" and several other matters being discussed, the meeting came to a close.

On April 24th the second meeting was held, at which we chose our class colours, purple and gold. The students were also exhorted about selling tickets for the Matriculation Entertainment, which was given May 7th, and which proved to be a great success.

In another week or so, we will separate, each to prepare himself for his life's work.

Although the results of our organization have not been conspicuous, due to the fact that we have been organized such a short time, still we hope that the effort has not been in vain and that next year's class will make it an increasing success.

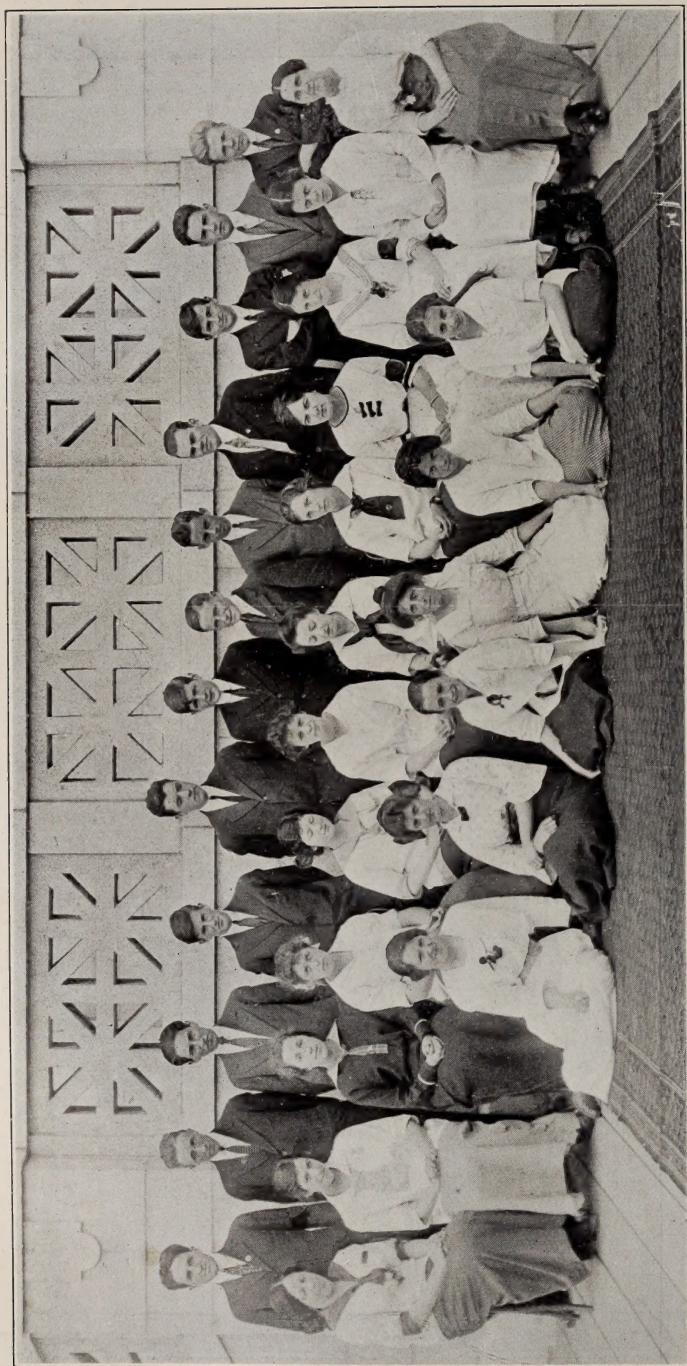
4 June 1907



Autographs

Ferne Salworth
Gladys Croft
Erin Collins
J. O. Stinson
Aileen Borron
Myrtle Pottinger
Margaret Lindley
Edw. Duke
Fred Pitt
Albert B. Tait
Gordon Downes
R. L. Horning
Eweidoline Stubbs
Mayorie Cross
Galva Diamond
Gladys Sharpe
Mary McElinn





MATRIC A.

Back Row—Harold Roe, Ralph Smethurst, Edward Savannah, Roderick Hardy, Wilson Wylie, Charlie Mess, Ronald Graham, Cecil Holmes, Robert Hamilton, Desmond Davies, Kingsley Terry, Christian Sivertz, Hazel McConnell, Margaret Dunn, Florence McNeill, Dora Tanner, Margaret Sanson, Madge McConnell, Hilda Parkinson, Nina Rigby, Edna Sparling, Helen Hammill, Christina Williams. Front Row—Marguerite Winkle, Nora Edwards, Katherine Jackson, Jean Dunnette, Jean Anderson, Edna Marwick. Absent—Kenneth MacLean.

Matric A—*Personal*

SIVERTZ, a short, sawed-off, cut-and-dried Katzenjammer kid. Evinces a great desire for a pompadour, but as yet has not succeeded in attaining one.

SMETHURST is a very nice boy. To judge by appearances, he has been brought up on porridge and soap.

MISS TANNER is a young maiden of amazing wit and extraordinary eloquence, her chief ambition being to talk twice as much as others and make some miserable soul happy.

DAVIS is an individual of masculine persuasion, a noted dog fancier.

MISS SPARLING, the pink of perfected perfection, a great favorite with the young gentlemen attending this seat of learning, but as yet has remained impervious to the darts of Cupid.

SERGEANT TERRY, a young gentleman with a "Kewpie" disposition. When he appears you can hear hearts breaking on every side. His ambition is to look ten times as handsome as anybody else in the school.

MISS McCONNELL, a young lady of prodigious brain power and precocious tendencies. Ambition—to become an authoress and marry a poet.

WYLLIE, of lofty disposition, has been described by the poet Longfellow, thus: "At each stride a mile he measured." If he keeps on growing it will be said of him: "At each stride two miles he measures."

MISS DUNN, the jovial Margaret, famous for getting into trouble. Naturally witty. Her laugh is enough to make a cat smile.

McLEAN, presiding genius of the class, all brains. Excellent article to have in the classroom; writer advises all classes to procure one, fifteen cents, two for twenty-five. Outstanding quality—concentration of mind.

MISS JACKSON alias "Jackey," a very cheerful youngster, with an enormous quantity of brains in her youthful head. Inclined to become sentimental on the stage, but we can excuse this when we consider her extreme youth.

HAMILTON, a youth with extraordinary oratorical powers, very opinionated. Totally indifferent to the other sex.

MISS McNEILL, a cheerful disposition, never been known to shed a tear. Very condescending towards her admirers, of whom she has a remarkable amount.

MISS McCANNEL, a cheerful maid, with considerably developed literary powers. The fact that she is reporter of the class causes her to be admired and respected by all.

MISS MARWICK, better known as "Eddie," and sometimes as "Tweedledum," a small plant cultivated for the entertainment of Matric A. Outstanding characteristic—feeling against the opposite sex.



MATRIC B.

Back Row—Margaret Fahrni, Ada Chatterton, Jessie Fraser, Alexia Brown, Ilma Duck, Margaret Burridge, Lily Christie, Sadie Finland, Mary Bell, Edith Driver, Marjorie Hirst. Second Row—Norman Allen, Gordon Brown, William Gale, Guy H. Chan, Norman Hall, John Goldie, George Winterburne, Gordon Cameron, Alex. Strath, James Wheeler, Guy F. Chan, Harold Hudson. Front Row—Edith Edwards, Ruth Cochrane, Agnes Beane, Madeline Bradshaw. Absent—Agnes Andernach, Harry McDiarmid, Curtis Deane, —May.

Matric B—*Personal*

Matric B, the star class is famous for its three babies, McDIARMID being the foremost of the three. BROWN, also classified a baby by the teachers, will become a great cartoonist, along with MISS CHRISTIE (not a baby), who is continually drawing feminine countenances, much to our disgust. ALLEN is also to be seen in our nursery, hiding behind Miss Fraser.

'Tis strange if you have not heard of "MARDI," the star basketball player of the coast, who in the near future, it seems, will give up her profession and start a dancing class for young men in the gym!

GOLDIE, athletic star—basketball, ice-hockey and field sports; also terrible flirt.

We have in our class the makings of two actresses, JESSIE and RUTH.

RUTH will change her name to one well known here, before appearing on the stage.

CAMERON holds so many important positions at present that it is not necessary to repeat them; we only hope that he won't become a baseball player and join the Seattle team.

CHAN will certainly be a great literary man,—perhaps an improver of Shakespeare since he thinks the senators should be called "Bluebeards" instead of "Greybeards." His brother will also enter into the same business.

MISS BROWN intends to teach school and is to be accompanied by MISS BEANE and Messrs. HALL and WHEELER—all famous teachers to be.

WINTERBURNE, determined to win the world's championship, is diligently practicing boat-racing.

Do not be surprised to see HUDSON and STRAITH driving jitneys in the future. They expect to establish quite a trade, reducing their fares for V. H. S. students.

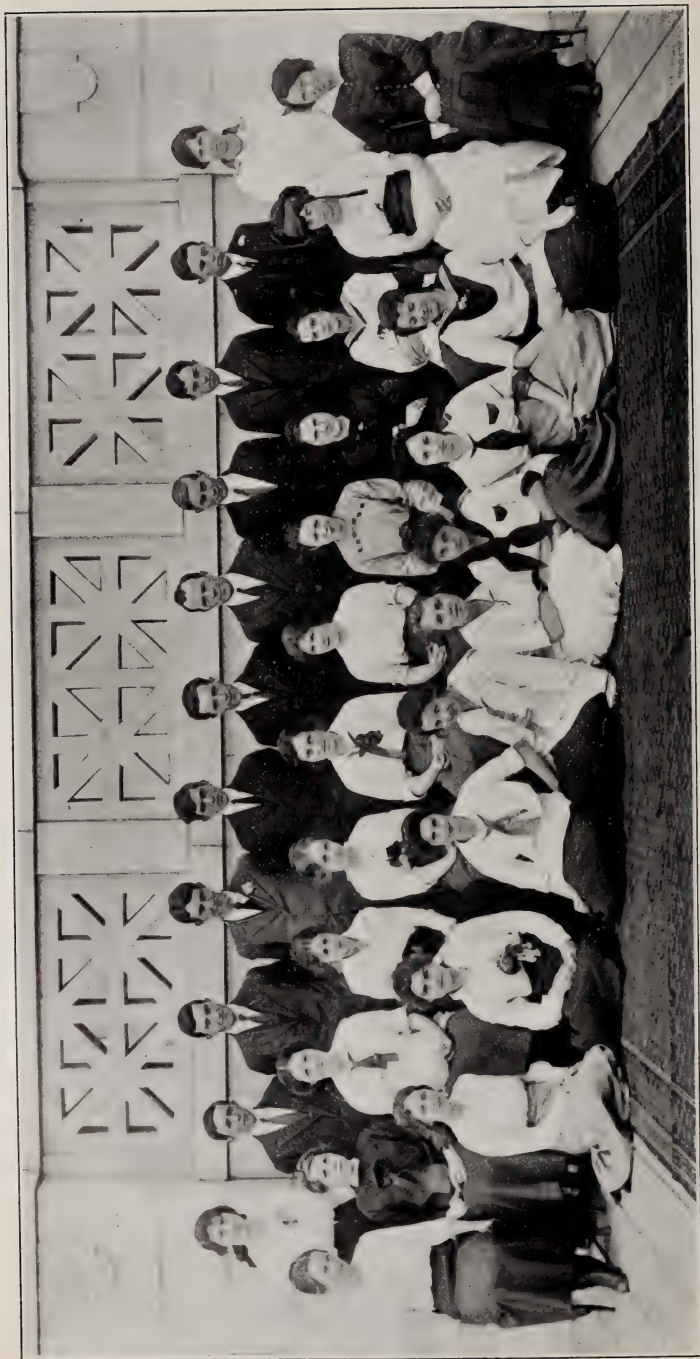
"BELL and BRADSHAW" is to be the name of the new "shrine of fashions." The business is to be managed by MISS ANDER-NACH and MISS DRIVER with MISS EDWARDS and ILMA as models.

On the great war with the weeds in the V. H. S. lawn we hope to see CAPTAIN GALE commanding the attacks.

The school will be glad to learn that we are to have a florist shop, managed by MARJORIE and MISS FINLAND.

We must not forget MISS FAHRNI, but we hope she has good excuses for her many days of absence.

DEANE: here today and gone tomorrow.



MATRIC C.

Back Row—Agnes Stewart, Edward Hopkins, Victor Noble, Percy James, Wilbur Fawcett, Benjamin Leschgold, Albert Waterhouse, Edmund Kershaw, James Bell, Clarence Coldwell, Madge Taylor, Second Row—Sybil King, Gladys House, Bell Fletcher, Mabel Turner, Edna McKiel, Ellenor Nicolls, Kathleen Grubb, Ella Smith, Edna Francis, Lillian Fullerton, Enid Forster, Myrtle Williams. Front Row—Nora Wallace, Eva Howard, Edna Lee, Helen Little, Janet MacIntyre, Gladys Stein metz, Winnie Sherwood, Winnifred Ross.

Matric C—*Personal*

Blushing, bashful BELL, "Speak a little louder, sir, we're very hard of hearing."

Never mind COLDWELL, you'll arrive sooner or later.

MISS COLE: though your visits are few and far between, your seat would be empty without you.

FAWCETT with his perpetual grin, Greets us as we go out and in.

Like Addison, MISS FLETCHER will never be noted for her volubility.

It is easy to see MISS FORSTER'S outstanding quality, Selfishness. Or why has she secured a monopoly of the mathematical brains and left the rest of C stranded with a scanty zero?

MISS FRANCIS is very often conspicuous by her absence.

The only thing we can see that MISS FULLERTON lacks is size, but one of our teachers appears to have a different opinion.

MISS GRUBB has proved to us for all time that beauty is sometimes more than skin deep.

HOPKINS, though small, is by no means overlooked; witness the fifteen valentines.

MISS HOWARD, the gentle little sympathizer, "Have pity on the teachers, I don't think they are well."

Oh KERSHAW, we very much fear you're a wanton coquette.

We wonder who helps MISS SMITH with her French and Latin!

Stop! Stop! MISS KING! Five dollars fine for speeding in Latin translation.

It is to be hoped JAMES won't take to the stage and that his frequent visits to the Pantages won't bear fruit.

LESCHGOLD has a great ability to sleep, day and night.

Well, MISS LITTLE we have heard you once or twice.

MISS McINTYRE: if you are the direct cause of a duel, or inter-class combat, just remember we told you so.

We think it would be advisable if NOBLE would confine his affections to one or two or at least three girls, as the bouquet in his button-hole is becoming more and more assorted each morning.

MISS NICHOLSON, a perfect Prefect, in our estimation.

As far as we can see MISS ROSS will make her fame as an historian.

We hope Mr. Tomlinson doesn't need his register fixed or MISS SHERWOOD will not be able to try her exams.

MISS STEINMETZ is our proverbial cat which came back, because it couldn't stay away.

MISS STEWART knows how to get Ammonia all right (Coal - heat it).

TAYLOR and TURNER, the absent twins.

The only objection we have to MISS WALLACE is that she doesn't live up to the class motto, "Non Travailler."

Camosun Idols

MISS J. McINTYRE was elected secretary of the matriculation organization. She has always taken an active part in school affairs.

A. STRAITH was chosen to represent Matric. B. in Matric. activities. Alex. was captain of the Matric. baseball team during the past term and in other ways has shown a keen interest in all that pertains to the school.

MISS GRUBB is another worthy member of our executive. She represents Matric. C., the class which so nobly assisted the Matrics. in their performance.

HAROLD ROE was a member of the committee which so successfully conducted the Matric. entertainment. Roe is also well known as a prefect, having fulfilled his position in a very capable manner during the past year.

MISS FRASER, as a member of the entertainment committee, assisted Miss Cann and Miss Macleod with the tableaux which proved so very successful at the performances.





Miss H. McConnell



Kingsley Terry



Miss Marwick

GORDON CAMERON is President of the matriculation organization and business manager of The Camosun. Gordon is well known for his enthusiastic and energetic work in connection with all High School affairs, social as well as athletic. His work in connection with this issue is very much appreciated by his fellow students.

SIBYL KING was elected vice-president on the Matric. executive. She is also well known as captain of our invincible girls' hockey team, the merits of which are well known to High School students.

KINGSLEY TERRY deserves credit for his efficient work on the business staff of The Camosun. He holds a position on the Matric. executive, representing Matric. A.

GLADYS STEINMETZ, as a member of The Camosun staff, has done very good work for the paper. Although but recently returned from a southern trip she has entered with a vim into school functions. During the past term she has held the position of president of the Portia.

MISS MARWICK is known to High School students as our poetess, having from time to time contributed valuable literary items. She holds a place on The Camosun staff for this issue.

MISS H. MCCONNELL, as a member of The Camosun board for this issue, has contributed very generously to the literary portion of the paper. She has always been

an active participant in school activities, having held the position of vice-president of the "Portia" for some time.



Sibyl King



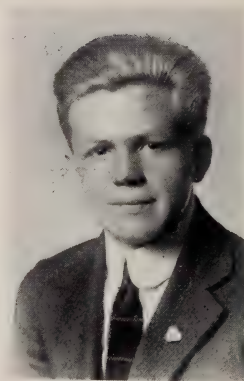
Gordon Cameron



Gladys Steinmetz

Camosun Idol

CHRISTIAN SIVERTZ is one of the foremost figures in High School and especially in Matriculation circles. He occupies a position on the executive of the Matriculation Year, and in this capacity contributed greatly towards the success of the late entertainment, both in organizing and in acting. He has been a notable speaker in the Beta Delta and has risen from a mere member to President of the Society. His activity in the realm of sports has been shown both in the games of Association football and in grass hockey. To crown all this, he is an associate editor of *The Camosun*, and as such has worked very hard for the general advancement of the interests of this magazine.



WEARINESS

(With Apologies to Longfellow)

O small Prelims., that such long years
Must study on through hopes and fears,
Must know all questions teachers ask;
We, nearing the departing hour,
When all our labors be o'er,
Are weary thinking of your talk.

O small Prelims. who, tired or gay,
Still plod along your arduous way
Still have to master French and Maths;
We, knowing all there is to know,
Who've learned all text books through and through,
Are weary thinking of your paths.

O Juniors now who next year too
Will work and grind Matric course through
Will strive each day and never shirk;
We, who've worked without cessation
To pass the June examination,
Are weary thinking of your work.

O pupils all we leave still here
To do the work we did last year,
To try both winter, spring and fall;
We, who've crammed, then crammed some more
To reach the station where we are,
Are weary thinking of it all.

HAZEL E. McCONNELL.

The Will of the Gods

“**C**OME on, Joe, dinner is ready and we have double rations today. I guess the authorities are trying to make friends.” This was spoken by a Mexican of about middle age whose eyes gleamed as he spoke in fiery contrast to the dead listlessness of his companion.

Joe, however, did not move. He continued to gaze over the blue waters of the San Diego Bay as if his very intentness could pierce the deep purple mountains in the distance and reveal again the sandy hills of his home. Indeed his thoughts were far away. He remembered a little adobe hut, a scraggly garden around it, and several children and chickens scrambling around the doorstep. He sees himself walking towards it and the children and two scrawny dogs running to meet him. The chickens cock their head to one side and the little bantam rooster crows a loud welcome. Hearing the noise his wife, Maria, comes smiling to the door, bidding him rest for a while on the little cot in the corner while she spreads their rather scanty meal on the wobbly table.

He remembers how happy he and Maria had been when they first came to this little home. Some day they would be rich like the stern overlord who took the greater part of their savings. They had their little garden and the flocks of sheep gleaned their scanty fodder from the stony, cactus-covered hills and sparsely grassed plains. Then when their little son, Victorio, was born their happiness seemed complete.

To be sure all their dreams had not materialized. The riches were as far away as ever and Joe and his neighbors were oppressed. Five more bright-eyed little children had arrived and Joe struggled hard to support them. The grim overlord's taxes were heavier than ever and if Joe or any of his neighbors complained the overlord arrested them and this meant that they must work for him as a prison sentence.

At this time Mexico, at unrest like its ancient volcano, Popocatepetl, broke into its last great eruption and the little village in which Joe lived awoke with the rest. General Villa, who had been making great strides in the overthrowing of Huerta, had progressed to within a few miles of their homes. They were dissatisfied, but they didn't know what they wanted and understanding that their homes were in danger they joined with President Huerta.

At first the fighting consisted in small skirmishes among the low rolling hills. Then Villa began to advance and their little bands were gradually driven back to their own village. The struggle was not long but it was serious. The quiet streets of the little town were littered with the contents of their plundered homes and, intermingled with the household furniture and clothing, were the bodies of the

dead and dying. Except for the victorious soldiers the town was deserted.

Joe and Maria with their family joined the other refugees and after a great deal of hiding and manoeuvring among the hot, dusty hills escaped with the ever-increasing procession for the United States. Their hearts were very heavy for their first-born child, Victorio, was not with them. They knew not whether he were dead or living. He might be only a few miles away—but, oh, how distant in this great chain of woe!

For miles and miles they marched. The dust at times almost choked them; the heat was intense; and day by day the stragglers increased and fell behind. Joe and Maria continued to keep up. They were more fortunate than many of their companions, for they had procured a little burro on which their household goods were packed and the children took turns riding.

It was a very sad grey procession that wound along to surrender to Uncle Sam. There were little "babinos" in arms, and bent old men and women; there were young men stooped with despair, and crowds of little children trudging along. There were many dogs, for each family brought at least one of its pets as far as possible. Some brought two or three long-legged chickens, and one old lady had saved only a potted geranium of which she was very proud.

At last the refugees reached El Paso and as that place was already overcrowded part were sent on to San Diego. Among these were Joe and his family. Some three hundred and fifty of them were penned into a field of about three acres where they lived in little brown army tents set close together in rows and facing on alleys about two yards wide. In each tent was one or two small cots and bundles were piled around in careless disorder. Between the tents were strung ropes with half-washed clothes upon them. Everything was covered with the dust that rose in clouds. At one end of the camp was the eating-tent; outside of it was the stove on whose bare surface the cook made pancakes of flour and water. Beside the stove was a big barrel of Chili beans and hanging in strips on a line above it was their jerked beef. Across the alley was the church, an exact facsimile of the cathedral at Guadalupe, which stood about three feet high and had been made of clay by one of the prisoners. At the other side of the camp was their hospital tent and morgue.

As Joe looked over this hot, oppressive scene a little expression appeared in his eyes. It looked almost like desperation and for a moment his gaze lingered on the morgue. The monotony of it was getting into his blood. Still beneath it all was a gleam of hope; for was not the tunnel nearly finished? Tomorrow they would escape—they must escape for they were to be kept here till the end of the war and that might be years.

To be sure the people looked quiet and peaceful. Some were lolling about playing cards, others were lazily throwing coins to the line, and from one tent the accordion was wheezily drawing out Mexican love songs. The heart of each man beat high with hope.

Among their number was an Indian, a graduate of the University of California, and under his command they had scraped out a tunnel. It had been tedious work, for the tunnel was two hundred yards long and wide enough to accommodate one man on his hands and knees. But now it was almost finished—next morning at dawn they would begin to escape!

In the soft variegated violet and rose of the early morning dark figures began to stir ever so slightly. One at a time they started through the long dark tunnel and laboriously worked their way to the beach. Sixty had gone and many were now finding shelter in the sage-brush and shrubs of the nearby hills. It was the turn of Joe and his family. Joe entered the narrow tunnel first and worked his way through the inky, stifling blackness. After almost an hour had elapsed he reached the open air.

What a day for hope! The rays of the sun shot through the faint mauve sky and all was reflected in the bay. Across the water was the city, misty and quiet and behind it the mountains of Mexico. For one instant Joe looked at these; beyond was the hot, dry, dusty country he loved.

Joe turned and helped his family to rise; numbly and silently, in the shadow of the banks, they started to steal along the beach towards the road to the hill. Their hearts beat violently; their heads throbbed; although they knew there was a long journey of seventeen miles to the Mexican frontier, they could not help hoping. Freedom was so good! when—a shout fell on their ears—a guard seized Joe. In the changing of pickets, something unusual had been noticed and their plot was discovered. Joe and his family were led back to that big gate. It swung open and, together with many others, they were forced in. The heavy doors slowly shut, the lock clicked and Joe heard an officer order: "Double guards on pickets one, three and four, today, and tell off six men to guard the tunnel."

HAZEL E. McCONNELL.

A SMILE

The friendly smile that's given
To passers on the way
Is sunshine sent from Heaven
To brighten a dull day.
Sincere words timely spoken,—
The handclasps when we're blue;—
Man needs no better token
To prod him on to do.



EDITORIAL

The Value of a School Magazine

IN the last issue of *The Camosun* for this year, I take this opportunity to make a few remarks relative to the above topic. It seems to me that there is a painful lack of appreciation, except on the part of a hard-working, conscientious few, of what a magazine such as *The Camosun* means to a school. Those of you who read the columns of the Exchange Editor in this issue will notice what other schools think of the paper; the criticism you will find generally expressed in our Exchanges is that we have practically no literary department. That unfortunately is true, for (outside of some well-written poems consistently supplied by not more than three students) there has been a singular lack of story-telling ability shown in the columns of the paper. At no time this year has *The Camosun* been in receipt of more good stories than it could publish; indeed, there have been times when the editors have been confronted with the fact that no stories—good or bad—have been submitted. Such lack of competition in writing obviously detracts from the merit of the magazine. Except on the part of the few directly concerned in the welfare of the paper, there seems to be an absolute indifference on the part of the students to the needs of *The Camosun* in its literary department. Other departments of the paper, where individual effort is required, have been very ably handled; you will notice in some of the criticisms that *The Camosun* has a justifiable reputation for excellence in this respect. But getting stories has been the bane of the Editors' existence, this year at any rate. Class reporters come to us saying that they can get no help from their class-mates, and yet I do not think there is any school activity that is deserving of such general support as is *The Camosun*.

Before I give you some reasons for that statement, let me explain at the outset that I do not wish to over-emphasize the importance of participation in school activities outside the scope of your work. We as teachers, and you as students, are here primarily to give and receive knowledge, and to think; high schools do not exist to produce football heroes, baseball stars who become professionals, and amateur

actors and actresses—a tendency which seems observable in many American schools. Sports and other activities have their uses and abuses; they are encouraged to develop in you healthy bodies and therefore healthy minds; to make you self-reliant, quick-witted and unselfish and generally to heighten interest in your work.

However, let me return to the subject and give you some reasons for your greater interest in the welfare of the paper:

1. The most outstanding and obvious advantage, I think, is the training it gives you in writing. You get this, of course, in your composition classes, but why refuse a chance of trying your skill through our columns? One of the greatest assets you can carry with you into your business or professional life will be the ability to speak or write your mother tongue. You can become more proficient in that respect through the medium of the debating societies and the school paper. In your Matriculation year you will perhaps read an essay by Robert Louis Stevenson on "A College Magazine." His earliest ambition was not to become an author—he wished that too—but he wanted to learn to write. To this end he served a laborious apprenticeship: he kept two books in his pocket, one to read, the other to write in; he wrote essays and stories and plays in the style of authors that he read and liked. Eventually he sent a manuscript to the publishers—it was returned. "But at last," he says, "I had a piece of good fortune by which I was able to see my literature in print, and to measure experimentally how far I stood from the favour of the public"; his good fortune was to write in his college magazine. The point of it is that he wanted practice; in whatever direction your ambition lies, you need the practice too. There is nothing that detracts so much from good thought as slovenly speech and slovenly writing.

2. A second reason lies in the fact of the circulation of the paper; it is distributed in your homes, and read by many people in the city and is sent (not in great quantities to be sure) throughout Canada and the United States. If you have any school-spirit it ought to be your ambition to see to it that what is best and most interesting in your school life should be represented in the paper. The school is worth being ambitious for, but do you show your appreciation? One of the speakers in an assembly this year, speaking on Art and its great representatives, gave you this idea: it was not what the great men got out of the world but what they gave to it that made them be remembered. The idea is applicable here: you ought to aim to give to the school as well as take from it its advantages. To do so, will, I think, add keenness and zest to your work. The monthly appearances of *The Camosun* may be compared with some of the functions—a play, a dance or display in the gymnasium—to which your parents and friends are invited. Consider the effect if these were done without enthusiasm, without pride in your doing it and generally without any *esprit-de-corps*. The *Camosun* has its audience, too, and you ought to be careful that it represents to outsiders a justifiable school pride and school spirit.

3. One further reason for more interest is that you place the whole burden and responsibility in the hands of a few and then expect them to do all the work. Those students who are in charge of The Camosun are in almost all cases doing work in connection with other organizations. Many of them, I know, are not doing all this because they want to do it—they are doing it largely because they think they owe it to the school. Considering that lessons are the primary object of school life, your lack of interest puts them at a severe disadvantage. Their burdens are increased in proportion to your indifference.

With regard to the financial aspect of the paper, there is no room for complaint. The number of subscribers has been maintained at the very high level set in previous years, for which we have to thank a very efficient business management. But consider here how you could help the paper: it depends largely upon its advertisements, but how many of you make a point of directly mentioning when making your purchases that you are High School students? The business board have no easy task; you could lighten their labour immensely by patronizing our advertisers, but above all making mention of the fact when you do it.

In concluding, it will not be out of place for me to express my appreciation of the very earnest efforts of this year's Camosun staff. To both Mr. Armstrong and myself, the relationship has been particularly enjoyable and pleasant.

A. YATES.

It would be a grave omission if, in this last issue of The Camosun, we were to omit mention of the very satisfactory work done by our printers, The Acme Press. Of the merits of the printing we do not pretend to judge—to us it has been attractive and neat; what we particularly would like to mention is the unfailing interest and kindness of Mr. Watson, who has taken as much interest in the magazine as if he had been a graduate of ours. We are indebted to him for very many suggestions and for details to which he has attended out of the routine of his work.

We regret that in previous issues we have not found it convenient to publish a picture of our orchestra; however, it occupies a well-merited place in this edition. Since its formation in the beginning of last term it has appeared on several occasions in public to provide some excellent music besides affording endless enjoyment to music-lovers at lunch-time. The Matriculation class takes this opportunity to express its gratitude to Mr. Russell and the orchestra for their ready assistance at its recent entertainment.

It may perhaps occur to some that at no other time in the history of The Camosun have the Matriculation students attempted a graduation number. Thus are the 1915 Matrics the proud originators of a scheme which, if carried out by students in years to come, will be a very desirable addition to High School activities.

A Valedictory

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

I AWOKE quite early in the morning with that wide-awake feeling of expectancy one has on special occasions. The sun was throwing its oblique beams across my room in a ruddy glow which made me almost believe with the ancients that it had risen bright and freshened from its rest in the sea. Rejoicing in its rays a meadow-lark warbled, then burst into a shriek of wild, ecstatic joy and was answered by the excited chatter of the sparrows in a nearby tree.

I sprang out of bed and remembered—why this was the first day of school! But at the same time the thought came to my mind—I was not going back! I had graduated and school days were over! An indefinable feeling of emptiness came over me and I wondered if that class who would never be together again felt it too.

As I joined my family at breakfast I did not smile on hearing that well-known and time-worn expression, "I wish that the school would burn down!" I had said it so often myself but now I felt a dread that some day, perhaps, this building, which held so many pleasant memories might burn down. Why had I not realized it before? If only I had known, what a difference it would have made! How much more interest I would have shown! How many more school functions—games, debates and social affairs—I would have attended. It was too late and I almost wished I were one of the new "prelims" that I might begin again.

But it occurred to me—"They will be just as I was; they will not realize till it is too late." And yet I hoped they would not wait till their graduation to arouse that school spirit we all must feel.

—HAZEL E. McCONNELL.



ORCHESTRA

From Left to Right—R. Newitt, D. Davis, R. Todd, C. Laundry, A. Luney, Miss N. Lewis, Miss C. Shaw, Miss D. Geohyn, Miss M. Burrigge, Miss I. Gordon, R. Parfitt, Miss A. Grubb, Miss H. Mallagh, Mr. E. H. Russell (Conductor), H. Chan, F. Small.

Strother Foulkes Wins Gold Medal

ON Friday evening, May 28th, the fourth annual oratorical contest of the Beta Delta Society was held in the High School auditorium. The audience did not overflow the house, but although comparatively small, it was certainly appreciative.

The proceedings were opened by Robert Hamilton, who before introducing the speakers gave a brief account of the Society's work, and of the interest and active part which Mr. F. G. C. Wood has taken in the Beta Delta, not only while actually engaged in High School work, but also since he has severed his connection with the school. His interest this year was manifested in his donation of the handsome gold medal which was the coveted reward of the evening.

The first speaker, Bruce Hutchison, in a remarkably clear and concise speech undertook to portray the benefits which the civilized world has received from the practice of "Vivisection." Frank Young's was thoroughly up-to-date in his version of "The Jitney Traffic," and the reasons why the jitney should not be discriminated against. Harry Cross gave as his part the graphic story of the conception, construction and completion of the Panama Canal, while Reginald Murray advocated the adoption by the British armed forces of "Dundonald's Destroyer." These speakers all acquitted themselves well and they have gained the valuable experience of having faced a public audience and having passed through the ordeal in a very creditable manner.

Undoubtedly the best speaker of the evening was Strother Foulkes, who in a fine rhetorical flow of language proved to the satisfaction of all present that the United States owed it to herself, indeed to the whole civilized world, to intervene in the war on the side of the Allies. As a further reference is to be found in the columns of this issue, no more need be said about it at this point.

At the conclusion of the various oratorical efforts the judges, Mr. M. B. Jackson, President of the Victoria Canadian Club, Rev. Jno. G. Inkster, and His Honor Judge Lampman retired to consider their decision.

In the interval Mrs. Jenkins presented the Beta Delta pins to the four boys who had won them during the term—Hutchison, Murray, Youngs, and Taylor. The Inter-class Championship Banner was also to have been presented, but owing to some unaccountable inadvertence this event was omitted. A vote of thanks to Mr. R. H. Clark for his donation of the artistic programmes was moved by C. Sivertz, seconded by W. Stubbs, and heartily endorsed by the audience. Miss Cora Shaw delighted her listeners with a pianoforte solo and was enthusiastically encored.

The judges, upon their return, gave a very popular decision in favor of S. Foulkes, and complimented the various other speakers on their successes. Mrs. Jenkins presented the Gold Medal to the successful contestant and the enjoyable proceedings were brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

Matric Play

THE Matriculation entertainment, which took place in the High School auditorium on the evening of May 7th, was a decided success from every point of view. The room was well filled with an appreciative audience. The evening opened with a series of advertisements, which were pictured by different members of the Matriculation year, in costume:

"Made in Victoria," which was illustrated by Strother Foulkes, gained much applause, though it is doubtful if most of the audience saw the joke, until he appeared afterward, before the curtain, without his wig.

"Baker's Cocoa," by Miss Rigby, and the advertisement for "Cream of Wheat," which was well done by McLain and his parrot, were two good representations.

Miss Bradshaw deserves especial credit for the fine way in which she maintained her difficult pose while impersonating "Old Dutch Cleanser."

Following the advertisements came two scenes from Dicken's "Nicholas Nickleby," presented by Matriculation A. Some people would say that it was very well done, but to the intelligent-minded of the community it was exceedingly well acted. Miss Dunn as Mrs. Nickleby, a modest young widow of some fifty or sixty years, and Miss Jackson as Kate, her daughter, "bear their blushing honors thick upon them." The most pathetic part of the whole play was when Mrs. Nickleby exclaimed in heart-breaking tones: "I have no sympathy, I don't expect it," and many handkerchiefs were in immediate requisition at these words. Mrs. Nickleby seemed reluctant to change her widowed condition but it was apparent to everyone that she was not averse to the suggestion of the crazy man, whose part was taken by Davis, that she should become his. Terry as Mr. Cheeryble and Miss Jackson as Kate are both to be congratulated in their manner of conducting the sofa act in the second scene. It was plain to everyone that Terry's part was most suited to his temperament, while Miss Jackson bore herself with admirable composure during her trying position. Sivertz as Mr. Linkinwater convulsed the audience with his pronounced views on matrimony and Miss Parkinson won the heart by her sympathy with the maid who had been subject to fits in her infancy. In both scenes Davis' acting as the crazy man was splendid. Miss McConnel made a most captivating servant-girl, and the part of the keeper of the crazy man was most excellently taken by Roe. The success of the play was due largely to the efforts of Mr. Clark, who not only coached the players, but also painted the wall for the first scene. Between the two scenes Miss Christie gave a delightful exhibition of Highland dancing which was received enthusiastically by the audience.



SCENE FROM "CRANFORD"

Perhaps one of the most delightful items on the program was the "Tea Party" scene from *Cranford*, given by the young ladies of Matriculation C. The Misses Burris and Hamilton, who so kindly coached the girls in their parts, are much to be congratulated on their creditable interpretation of the playlet.

Worthy of special mention is the part of Miss Matilda Jenkins as rendered by Miss Wallace. Her enunciation was as fine as her acting, which we regret cannot be said of some of the other performers. Miss Leigh and Miss King as two village gossips were very amusing, while Miss Steinmetz, portraying the character of Miss Betty Barker, kept the audience delighted by her oft-repeated curtsies. Miss Fletcher, as the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson, played her part well, especially pleasing the younger element of the audience by her quite realistic snores. Miss Frances, in the part of Mrs. Fitz-Adams, brought out well the anxiety of a retired milliner to do and say the correct thing in the presence of the nobility. Miss Sherwood made a very gracious Lady Glenmire, while Miss Howard as Martha the maid, was inimitable. Miss Grubb only had a small part, but looked very sweet in her simple white dress.

One of the factors which tended to make the play the decided success it was voted to be by all was the splendid array of costumes which the girls were fortunate enough to be able to obtain.

The next and last item on the programme was a series of pictures representing famous paintings, arranged by Miss Cann.

"The Pensive Maiden," Miss Sanson, and Miss Fraser, "The Girl with the Lute," were among the first which claimed attention.

"The Lace Maker," and the "Last of England," were pictures in which more than one person was involved; these, for that reason, would be more difficult, but in both the figures were motionless, Miss Brown and Hamilton taking part in the former, and Miss McConnell and Dean in the latter.

"The Boy in Blue" was taken by Smethurst, his blue costume giving a very bright note to the portrait.

The "Duchess of Devonshire," by Miss Dunn, was a favorite portrait. The costuming in this case was most elaborate, and the well-known painting was represented in realistic manner.

"The Girl with the Muff," Miss Fahrni, and "The Donna Velata," by Miss Williams were especially remarkable because of the fact that the girls chosen for the parts bore a striking resemblance to the original in the portrait.

The Matriculation students feel that they owe a good deal to the five teachers, who so untiringly assisted them to come nearer perfection in their different parts.

Another especially fine feature of the evening was the music rendered by the High School orchestra, led by Mr. Russel. This organization, which gives such splendid assistance to all the High School affairs, acquitted itself particularly well on this evening and did a great deal to make it a success.

ODE TO EXAMINATIONS

Midnight and burning gas,
With coffee strong or tea;
That I may be prepared en masse,
When they examine me.

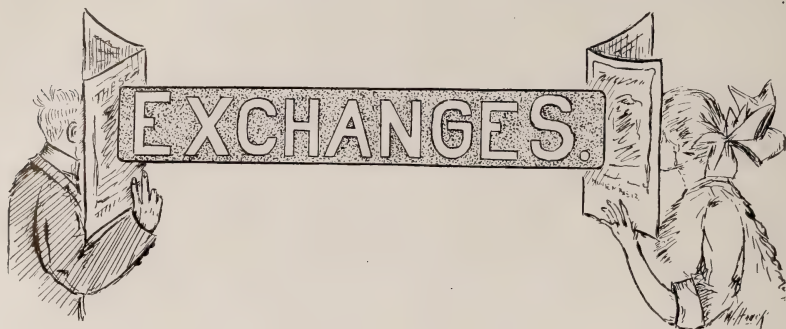
If such as I, when studying, fall asleep
Too weary to even think,
When Profs. with wicked eye upon me creep
What will they think?

Three A. M. and burning light,
Pure caffeine for me,
And may vindictive Profs. have no delight
When my exams. they see.

For though from book and notes my place
The loafers bore me far,
I hope to look my pater in the face,
My name without a star.

A. BEANE.

Why does Agnes Beane always sign her name as "A. Beane"?



THE LENS, Portland, Oregon.—If there is one thing more than another that impresses one on looking into this magazine, it is the school spirit which pervades every nook and corner of it. The following is one among the many features of its last issue:

Which are You?

A Freshman came to school one day,
He walked the hall and thought he'd stay,
And spent his time in being gay—
He was a nuisance!

Another kind we often see:
"I came to work, not play," says he.
At a high school game he'll never be—
He is a dig!

Of another sort I've heard you tell.
He has his fun but works as well;
For school he's not afraid to yell—
He's got school spirit!

The Midway.—Another magazine for which we have nothing but praise is *The Midway*, of Chicago. Its one aim is the "advancement of literary interest among the students" which it represents, and we cannot conceive of any publication more likely to attain its purpose with more pleasure and profit to everybody. The following is a wonderful word picture of something that has often thrilled us with awe and admiration, but which has seldom found a more adequate expression than in this poem.

A Sunrise

A moment, breathless, silent, still,
An instant when there is no life,
While night into morn doth change;
A silence o'er all things. But look!
A filmy cloud of mist begins to rise;
It tears itself on towering mountain range;
The peaks stand out, yet seems at times all veiled,

The gray is pierced with red,—a flaming light—

And dawn burst through the skies o'er waking earth!

Each breath of air is cleansed of night's dread touch,

Is filled with joy to glorify anew

The wonder of a day's impressive birth.

The song of light doth sound from glen to glen,

But mortals hear it not—'tis mystery to men.

* * * * *

The Camosun as seen by its Exchanges:

"You have a neat paper. "The Coward" in the February number is an interesting story and is well written."—The Scarlet and Gray.

"The impressive cover design of The Camosun calls forth a favorable comment. But it is not the work of a student. Why the total absence of stories and cartoons? Is it possible that a few poems and a love scenario are all that constitute the literary ability of a high school and college? We expect to see decided improvements, Camosun."—The Caliper.

"For a monthly paper The Camosun is fine. A few short stories would be a great improvement."—Vox Lycei (Ottawa).

"You have virtually squeezed your literary department out of sight. Why neglect that important section of the paper?"—The Midway.

"The descriptions of The Camosun idols are very good, as is the write-up of the play. The instructions on 'How to Write' should certainly improve (?) the poetry turned in, if followed closely. You have plenty of little rhymes and sayings, but where are your jokes? You have a new and creditable plan for your Exchanges."—The Totem.

"The Camosun is a fine representative of what a monthly should be like. It ranks among the first papers on our Exchange list. We only suggest that you put the names of the staff under Editorials, and thus leave an entire page for the table of contents. The only other remediable fault is the front page ads. Abolish these and your paper will have no equal.—The Tiger.

On the whole we have a very good reason to be proud of our Magazine, but at the same time, if it is to aspire to greater things and improve in the future as much as it has in past years, it will have to depend upon and receive the individual co-operation of each Prelim., Junior and Senior. The Camosun is owned and controlled by the High School student body and every student owns an equal share of the benefits and pleasure which it is able to give. If every student will take a proportionate share in making The Camosun truly representative,—there is no doubt but that next year's Camosun will be unexcelled by any similar publication on either side of the boundary!

The Reflector, Jackson, Mich.—The joke number of *The Reflector* contains no small amount of good material, but we are of the opinion that the first eight pages filled with nothing but jokes are apt to prove rather monotonous even in a humorous edition. A few good cuts would make a great improvement in the *Reflector*.

The Cardinal, Milwaukee, Wis.—In a magazine so up-to-date, the addition of an "exchange" to its list of departments is the one improvement which we can suggest. "May" is one of the best poems we have read this year.

The Tahoma, Tacoma, Wash., is published by two high schools. Perhaps this accounts to a certain extent for the high degree of efficiency which it has attained.

First Trooper Imperial Yeomanry (discussing a new officer):—
Swears a bit, don't 'e, sometimes?

Second Trooper:—'E's a masterpiece, 'e is; just opens 'is mouth
and lets it say wot it likes.—Punch.



Junior A Class Championship Winners—
R. Murray, H. Cross (Leader),
D. Scott



Pin Winners for Proficiency in Public
Speaking—B. Hutchison, R. Murray,
T. Taylor, F. Youngs



Portia Society



THE meeting of May 27th closed the "Portia" for this year, the second of its existence. In looking back over the record of the Society the progress is seen to be very great. At the beginning of the year a few girls met together, who had been greatly interested in the meetings of the former year, and laid plans for the near future of the Society. A much closer organization was formed than previously; and the members were also obliged to pay a fee in order to join. This arrangement gave the "Portia" a basis to work on.

The first debate was prepared by members who had previous experience, and showed those of the audience who had not attended former meetings how interesting a debate might be made. The following debates were, without exception, lively, closely contested, and listened to with the keenest attention. Many new members have come forward during the course of the year, and by their splendid efforts in preparing speeches, have given us a brilliant outlook for the future.

All the meetings have not, however, been given over to debates and business alone. The "Portia" has twice been fortunate enough to procure a noted speaker to deliver an address to its members, while one meeting was held in the Assembly room to which many visitors were invited, including the members of the "Beta Delta."

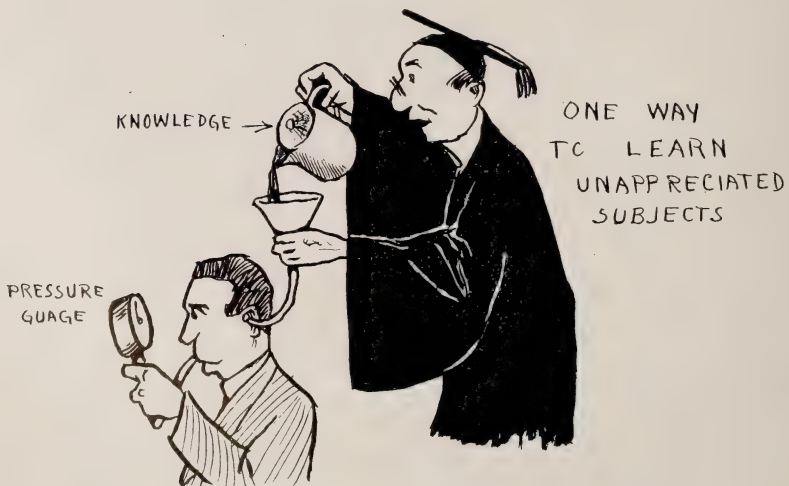
On the 27th May the "Portia" held its final meeting for this term. The meeting was a novel one inasmuch as a regular debate had not been prepared. Girls were called up in turn and drew a slip of paper on which was written a subject for a two-minute speech. Miss Patricia Smith gave an interesting little talk on "My Favorite Pet." Miss Agnes Stevenson dealt with "Were the Rioters Justified?" and expressed herself in very good English on this difficult subject. Miss Stevenson held up Aristotle's "Golden Mean" by pointing out that to a certain extent the rioters were justified in giving vent to their feelings and showing the German citizens that they could not have it all their own way. Yet again it was wrong to go so far as to steal, for that helped no one. Miss Margaret Dunn spoke on "What this School Needs," and made a special point of "school spirit." Owing to the size of the school and the number of pupils it is hard to make the institution a unit. If the pupils would only take upon themselves some of the responsibility which now lies on the teachers the different divisions might not be so distinct. Other speakers were Miss Sparling on "My Favorite Sport," and Miss Eillers on "The Kaiser."

Miss Cann, our Honorary President, addressed the Society commenting on the speeches and suggesting work for the "Portia" in the coming year. Miss Cann pointed out that our boys at the front are fighting against the lawless Germans and it stood to reason that we at home should keep the laws. Nations cannot trust one another if treaties are broken; individuals cannot trust one another if laws are broken. The world would be chaos if nobody kept the laws.

Miss Cann also showed that the insufficient "school spirit" was probably due to the fact that the pupils had so many outside interests;—music, painting and social engagements. The wish was expressed that next year the pupils should put aside these interests and put their whole heart and soul into their school. The seniors should lead and show how things ought to be done.

With regard to next year's work of the "Portia," Miss Cann thought it would be interesting to have the girls prepare speeches on such subjects as "Present Day Writers." Work of this kind would be both interesting and helpful to the development of the ability to speak well. In the discussion that followed Miss McConnell said it had long been her desire to get the girls interested in art, of which most of us know so little.

A hearty vote of thanks was awarded Miss Cann for her sound advice and her never-failing interest in the Society.





THE Beta Delta Society commenced its work of the 1914-15 term under a severe disadvantage, for Mr. F. G. C. Wood, the founder of the Club, has severed his connection with High School circles, for some years at least. Mr. Wood, not only originated the Society, but with never-flagging zeal always kept up a lively interest in all things pertaining to its activities. This year the Beta Delta has had to depend a great deal more upon itself and it is interesting to note the results.

Of speaking talent there has been no lack. Indeed, there has not been a year when so much new talent was uncovered, although, sad to say, in a few cases this did not go any further than the mere discovery. But in the majority of instances these members exhibited an interest which was far from being transient.

This year there have been four boys who have won the handsome gold pins presented by the Society for proficiency in various stated lines of speaking. Of these, one is a Preliminary student—B. Hutchison. This member, although quite young, has proved himself very skilful in his treatment of the four debates in which he has participated. He and his colleague, C. Reid, represented Preliminary C in the Inter-Class series and came out successfully until the very last, when they met their Waterloo at the hands of Junior A.

The other three members who won pins are:—F. Youngs, T. Taylor and R. Murray, all of the Junior year. The last-mentioned was one of those from Junior A, who won the Class Championship. The other two representatives from this class were H. Cross and D. Scott. The Inter-Class meetings occasioned considerable interest and a high order of merit was reached in almost every debate.

Besides the regular weekly debates, we have had an afternoon of impromptu speaking, a discussion on the war, a Mock Trial which caused much amusement (the prisoner was a German spy), and one meeting more of a social character when recitations, parodies and readings were delivered by several members.

The thanks of the Society are extended to the members of the teaching staff for their kindly assistance in acting as judges for the debates, and especially to the Honorary Board—Messrs. Andrews, Harry Smith, Plant, and McDonald—who have made it a point to be present whenever possible. We are also grateful to Mr. Yates for the

use of his room for our meetings and to the staff of the Public Library for their invaluable assistance to the debating members.

We think—indeed we are sure—that those who have made it worth their while to spend the hour or so every week with the Society must now feel that they could not have spent their time to better advantage.

Linden E. Fairbairn has left the Victoria High School and the Beta Delta perhaps forever. Therefore, we think it but right that we should take this opportunity to express our sincerest regrets at his leaving, but at the same time to wish him every success in his endeavor to serve the Empire during this great crisis, which is calling for the services of every able-bodied man in the Dominion. There are at present, two of last year's Beta Delta members engaged in the European struggle,—Lance-Corporal McPherson, who was wounded in the recent terrific battle at Lange-marck, and Private Hardwick, whom we believe and trust is so far safe. Both of these boys have delivered speeches at different times at our last year's meetings. And now Fairbairn has departed from our midst and together with his old school chum, A. Lowery, is serving in the ranks of the Fifth Regiment.

As far as debating is concerned, Fairbairn has met with every success, losing by narrow margins only two of all those debates in which he participated. His most notable achievement was last year when he represented the Victoria High School with R. Hamilton against Vancouver. He also entered the Gold Medal Contest, but owing to throat trouble was not able to speak.

He has occupied the positions of a member of our Executive, as Secretary and as President, and has always been an important factor in everything relating to school work, spirit, or sports.

In completing this attempt to express the appreciative attitude of the Beta Delta and the whole school towards Linden, we would like to give him three cheers and a tiger, but as this is a written epistle and not an oratorical effort, we can but ask you to mingle your heart-felt wishes with ours for "Good Luck and God Speed."

THE BOYS

The bane of all our sunny days,
The clouds of all our starry nights,
The thorns along our rosy ways,
Usurpers of our public rights—
The boys!

The selfish animals of life
Who steal our tender young affections,
The champions of brute-like strife
Who make their pride our poor protections—
The boys!



INTERIOR VIEW of STORE

T. N. HIBBEN & CO., *Bookellers and Stationers*

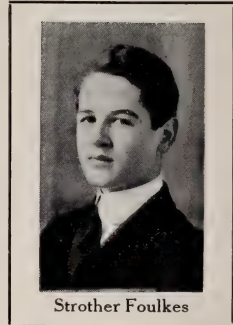
1122 GOVERNMENT ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

The Winning Speech in the Wood Gold Medal Contest

Should the United States Intervene in the War?

Mr. Chairman, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In dealing with this serious problem tonight I am going to endeavor to do so from the standpoint of an American citizen, although I am, of course, wholly prejudiced towards the Allies; moreover, I will not attempt to argue from a German sympathizer's point of view, as I would be speaking against my own convictions, and also would be saying things of which I know nothing whatever. If in endeavoring to speak like an American I make some erroneous or unsatisfactory statements I now fully apologize to any Americans who may be present or to any here this evening who, like myself, were in the United States at the time of the declaration and outbreak of hostilities.



Strother Foulkes

The latter will remember how the United States' people were both stunned and shocked by the awful catastrophe which has overtaken civilized Europe. By only a few was the possibility of such a widespread and hideous disaster even admitted, while most persons even after it had occurred felt as if it were unbelievable. They felt that, in what it pleased enthusiasts to speak of as "this age of enlightenment," it was impossible that the hatred of nations working hand in hand with the most modern scientific organizations should loose upon the world those forces of dread destruction.

In the last week of July the men and women of Europe were leading their usual orderly lives, busy and yet easy, lives which could not be disturbed by shocks such as the world knew of old. A fortnight later hell yawned under the feet of those hard-working or pleasure-seeking men and women, and woe smote them as it smote the peoples we read of in the middle ages. Through the rents in our smiling surface of civilization, the ghastly fires of Death, Destruction, and Misery burned red in the gloom.

What occurred in Europe is on a giant scale like the disaster to the Titanic. One moment the great liner was speeding across the ocean, equipped with every modern device for comfort, safety and luxury. The men in her stokeholds and steerage were more comfortable than the most luxurious travelers of a century ago. The people in her first-class cabins enjoyed every luxury that a luxurious city life could demand, and all were screened not only from danger but from the least discomfort or annoyance. Suddenly, in one awful and shattering moment Death smote the floating host so busy with

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work and play. They were in that moment shot back through immeasurable ages. At one stroke they were hurled from a life of effortless ease back into hideous disaster; to disaster in which heroism burned like a flame of fire, as is the heroism displayed by the soldiers today, who are fighting in Europe, some for their homes, some for their honor, some for their principles, all battling in a terrific struggle which is very closely related to the United States and has consequently brought her face to face with the momentous question: "What is to be her future action?"

There were two distinct courses open to the United States, a position of placid neutrality or a declaration on the side of the Allies. What they did everyone knows. President Wilson undoubtedly acted according to his own convictions and to the intense delight of the "peace pacifists." But was he right? Are the people of the United States to suffer any nation to break a treaty with them on whatever pretext without entering at least a formal protest? Will anyone contend that their neutrality imposed silence upon them under such conditions? Are the Hague Conventions to become "mere scraps of paper" without a word of protest being said by their government. As a matter of fact it is their solemn duty to protest against a violation of pledges entered into between their government and any other government and they assume a heavy responsibility when they remain silent. This is no small quarrel. The fate of the world hangs upon it. That which the United States ought some day to do,—they should do, should have done already. For such an action they have an abundance of technical as well as moral reasons. Solemn treaties made between the United States and Germany have been broken by the latter. The breaking of a treaty is always a sufficient reason for a declaration of war if the offended nation so desires. They had sufficient reason on the day on which the German ultimatum to Belgium was published even though they were doubtful of the ridiculous reason given. Germany's announcement that if Belgium resisted the violation of her territory, Germany would regard her resistance as a hostile act was enough, and when peaceful vessels of neutrals as well as vessels of the warring nations began to be blown up by floating mines and submarines there was once more enough. And even if they did not make war they should at least have addressed a temperate protest to Germany,—but they did not. True, the United States was not one of the guarantors of the neutrality of Belgium. Hence, whatever may be the feelings of its citizens it was not called upon as a nation or a government legally to interfere. But unless the "scrap of paper" theory is to be applied indiscriminately to all contracts and treaties between nations, what is the exact meaning of the signatures of all the Powers, including the United States, to the findings and decisions of the Hague Conference? Should not all the nations whose names are affixed to that document do all in their power to see that the several provisions set down should be respected and carried out? Can a great nation afford to put its name

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to a document and then stand by in icy neutrality while that document is being torn to shreds by another of the high contracting parties? Is the conduct of Germany in this regard really as much a matter of indifference to the United States of America as to China or Timbuctoo? It is obvious that the signature of Germany is worthless and that the signature of Great Britain is being honored. But has, or has not the value of that of the United States been somewhat impaired? Germany's word was given to America as much as to England. Can America with dignity and honor allow Germany to snap its fingers in her face and say, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" England's attitude in going to war in defense of Belgium's rights, according to its guarantee was not only strictly proper but represents the only kind of action that will make a peace treaty or an arbitration treaty or a neutrality treaty worth the paper upon which it is written. The published dispatches of the British Government show that Sir Edward Grey clearly and emphatically declined to commit his government to war until it became evident that only by doing so could she honorably fulfil her obligations to Belgium. The United States should have declared war if not then as soon as the Hague Conventions were broken by Germany, which Germany commenced doing directly she invaded Belgium and has done so up to the present day. Failing this, President Wilson should at least have addressed a determined protest against the actions of the Germans. But instead he expressed his laudable desire that his country, naturally through its President, may act as a mediator to bring peace among the great European nations. With this end in view he does not wish the people of the United States to prepare means for their own defense, lest such an action might create a wrong impression in the minds of the warring nations. Furthermore in his over-anxiety not to offend the powerful that have done wrong, he scrupulously refrains from saying one word on behalf of the weak who have suffered wrong, and he makes no allusion to the violation of the Hague Conventions at Belgium's expense. This is not right. It is not just to the weaker nations of the earth. It comes perilously near a betrayal of their own interests. In his anxiety to make himself acceptable as a mediator to England and especially to Germany, President Wilson loses sight of the fact that his first duty is to the United States and although it is desirable that his conduct should commend him to England, to Germany and to all the great contending powers he should not for these reasons forget the interests of the smaller nations and above all, Belgium, which has suffered countless wrongs and untold agony through the violation of numerous treaties to which the United States had solemnly affixed her seal.

When the Belgian people complained of the violation of the Hague Tribunal, it was a mockery for President Wilson to refer them

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back to the Hague Court when he knew that the Hague Court was nothing more than a shadow unless the United States by doing its clear duty gave it some substance. If the Hague Conventions represented nothing but the feeble aspirations towards decency uttered only in times of profound peace and not to be expressed above a whisper when with awful bloodshed and suffering the Conventions were broken, then it was an idle folly to enter into them.

National promises made in treaties in Hague Conventions and the like are similar to promises of individuals. The sole value of a promise comes in the performance. Recklessness in making promises is almost or quite as mischievous and dishonest as indifference to keeping them and this applies to nations as well as to individuals. Upright men make few promises, and keep those they make, and so it is detrimental for a country to make numerous treaties without backing up those they have already made. Since the outbreak of the war, President Wilson and Secretary Bryan have signed several new treaties and they have not even protested while the Hague Conventions were being torn up and thrown to the wind. Either the Hague Conventions meant something or they meant nothing. If in the event of their violation none of the signatory powers were even to protest then of course they meant nothing and it was an idle folly to enter into them. If, on the other hand, they meant anything whatever, it was the duty of the United States as the most powerful or at least the richest and most populous neutral nation to take action for upholding them, especially when their violation brought such appalling disaster to Belgium. There is no escape from this alternative.

Yet—Mr. Chairman—it was not until the *Lusitania* came to such a dastardly and untimely end whereby over a hundred men, women and children, citizens of the United States, were foully murdered, besides twelve hundred non-combatants of other nations, that the American Government sent a determined note to Germany demanding a full explanation and a guarantee that no such action should occur again. The slender thread between right and wrong to which Germany clung has been forever severed! What a blow it was to our idea of mercy, to our conception of the progress of man from a barbarian to a fair civilized merciful being! Today humanity is aghast at such a thing as the destruction of the *Lusitania* in the twentieth century. That was a crime not only against those unfortunate people sent to the bottom but against all that man has struggled for since he emerged from paganism. The pirates of the Barbary coast behaved at times in a similar manner, but never did they commit such wholesale murder. In the teeth of all this the United States as a nation will earn measureless scorn and contempt if they follow the lead of those who exalt peace above righteousness. For many months their Government has preserved between right and wrong, a neutrality

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which would have excited the emulous admiration of Pontius Pilate, the arch-typical neutral of all time. The sinking of the Lusitania will teach the people of the United States who read with horror the casualty lists of the men sacrificed in Europe that a nation must rely on its own physical power to protect itself and its interests. It is infinitely better for a nation to perish from the face of the earth than to lose its self respect or its honor. No nation that refuses to protect its citizens or its honor can long endure, and let us hope that the United States will receive an immediate and proper reparation for the barbarous slaughter of those innocent Americans who perished on the Lusitania. Better be a man without a country than be the citizen of a country in which one cannot be a man. Better have no flag at all than a flag which simply waves in the dead air of a national atmosphere which has lost the very essence of self respect.



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